BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

NOVEMBER.

Written by Will. Cartwright of Ch. Ch.

1. Day, is All Saints. 2. All Souls.

THOU *Sun* that shed'st the Dayes, looke downe and see
A Month more shining by Events, than thee;
Departed *Saints* and *Soules* sign'd it before,
But now the living signe it more.
Persons and *Actions* meet, All meant for Joy,
But some build up, and some destroy.
Bate us That Ushering Curse, so dearly knowne,
And then the Month is All our Owne.
So, at the first, Darkenesse was throwne about
Th' unshapen Earth, and Light was thence strooke out.

3. Day, The Assembling of the unhappy Parliament.

Draw the first Curtaine, and the Scene is then
A Triple State of Cull'd and Trusted men:
Men in whose hands 'twas once t'have giv'n us more
Then our Bold Fathers Asked before:
Who, had they us'd their Prince's Grace, had got
What no Armes could, and Theirs will not.
What more then Witchcraft did our Blessing Curse,
And made the Cure make Evills worse?

[illegible]
Some Tender Thing may fall, though none can be
So White, so Tender, as is She.
Whiles we at home our Little Turfe debate,
She spreads our Glories to another State.

5. Day, Our Delivery from the Papists conspiracy.

NEXT view a Treason of the worst Intent,
Had not our Owne *done* more, then Strangers *meant*;
Religion is the Thing both sides pretend,
But either to a different End:
They, out of Zeale, labour to reare their owne,
These, out of Zeale, to pull All downe.
Blesse Us from These, as Them! But yet compare
Those in the Vault, These in the Chayre.
Though the just Lot of unsucceſsefull sin
Fix their's Without, you'l finde worse Heads Within.

12. Day, The Kings Victory at *Brainford*.

BUT hearke! What Thunder's that? and who those men
Flying tow'rds Heav'n, but falling downe agen?
Whose those Blacke Corps cast on the Guilty Shore?
'Tis sin, that swimmes to its owne Bore.

'Tis the Third scourge of Rebells, which allow'd
Our Army, like the Prophets Cloud
Did from an Handfull rise, Untill at last
Their Sky was by it Overcast.
But (as Snakes Hisse after th' have lost their Sting)
The Traytor call'd This, Treachery in the King.

16. Day, The Birth of our gracious Q. *MARY*.

Away, and view the Graces and the Houres
Hov'ring aloofe, and dropping mingled Flowres
Upon a Cradle, where an Infant lay
More Grace, more Goddesse then were they;
Thrice did they destine Her to passe the seas
(Love made Her Thrice to passe with ease)
To raise a strength of Princes first, and then
To raise Another strength of Men.
Most Fruitfull Queene! we boast Both Gifts, And thus
The Day was meant to You, the Joy to Us.

[illegible]
How doe they Honour, how make Her Crowne!
Her Times are still Cry'd up, but Practis'd Downe.

19. Day, The Birth of our gracious King CHARLES.

Reach last, the Whitest Stone the World yet knew,
White as the soule, to whom the Day is due.
Sonne of the Peacefull *Iames*, how is he blest
With All His Blessings, but His Rest!
Though undeserved Times call All His Pow'rs,
And Troubles season Other Hour's,
Let this Day flow to Him as void of Care,
As Feasts to Gods, and Poets are:
The Wish is Just, O Heavens! As our strife
Hath added to His *Cares*, adde Yee to His *Life*.

And now, since His Large Heart with Hers is met,
Whose Day the starres on purpose neare His set.
NOVEMBER shall to me for ever shine,
Red in its Inke, Redder in Wine.
And since the *Third* (which almost hath made shift
T' Absolve the Treason of the *Fift*)
Cannot be well Remembred, or Forgot
By Loyall Hearts, as if 'twere not;
The *Last* extreame, against the *First* wee'l bring:
That gave us *Many Tyrants*, This a *KING*.

1671